

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

TROLLOPE ON AMERICA.

A NORTH AMERICAN. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. 12mo. pp. 325. Harper & Brothers.
A TROOP. Two vols. in one. 12mo. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The family name of the author of this volume is not in such fragrant odor with the American public as to create a prepossession in favor of his work. Mrs. Trollope has never received plenary absolution for the bitter and spiteful vulgarity with which she commented on her experience in this country. Her ill-natured caricatures of the people with whom she came in contact have been remembered longer than was due to their importance, leaving an impression of disgust which the lapse of years has not obliterated.

Mr. Anthony Trollope, of course, could not visit this country on a tour of observation under the most agreeable circumstances. He appears to be conscious of his disadvantage, and occasionally makes a not ungracious allusion to the fact. In his preface, he mentions his mother's work "as essentially a woman's book,"—she saw with a woman's keen eye, and described with a woman's light but graphic pen the social defects and absurdities which our near relatives had adopted into their domestic life. On reaching Cincinnati, he makes a judicious reference to the wonderful bazaar erected by Mrs. Trollope in that city as an enterprise in which "no one made any great sum of money." But his own purpose in writing a book of American travels, he declares to be of a different character. He purposes to discuss the theory and working of our political institutions, to expound the philosophy of our social state, and, although disclaiming the sagacity and profundity of a De Tocqueville, to cast the horoscope of our future destiny.

It is no more than just to Mr. Trollope to say he engages in this portion of his task with a clearness of insight, and kindness of feeling, of which there have been but few examples in recent English speculations on American affairs. He doubtless aims at accuracy of statement—he shows no symptom of an attempt at the wilful perversion of truth—his eyes are not blinded by the thick veil of prejudice in relation to this country, which has almost become an essential part of British costume; and if he often falls into errors and sophisms, it is owing to rashness and an overweening self-reliance rather than to ill-will. No great value, indeed, can be attached to his reasonings. His conclusions are often precipitate, and sometimes ludicrous. He is as likely to be wrong as right; and when right, it seems to be a matter of accident, rather than of intelligence. His talent is certainly not that of political philosophy; though he delights to indulge in political disquisition, and often expatiates in a plethora of words, which recall the vague and rambling effusions of Harriet Martineau on American politics. But he never permits us to doubt his good faith and friendly intention. He has experienced no soft illusions from Southern flatteries; secessionist sophistries have not touched his healthy common sense; and in the present conflict, he sees only an unequalled rebellion opposed by the strong resources of a legitimate Government. The result of his observations on society in the United States is somewhat tersely presented in a single paragraph. "I think then that we are bound to acknowledge that the Americans have succeeded as a nation, politically and socially. When I speak of social success, I do not mean to say that their manners are correct according to this or that standard. I will not say that they are correct, or are not correct. In that matter of manners I have found that those with whom it seemed to me natural that I should associate, were very pleasant according to my standard. I do not know that I am a good critic on such a subject, or that I have ever thought much of it with the view of criticism. I have been happy and comfortable with them, and for me that has been sufficient. In speaking of social success I allude to their success in private life as distinguished from that which they have achieved in public life—to their successes in commerce, in mechanics, in the comforts and luxuries of life, in medicine and all that leads to the solace of affliction, in literature, and I may add also, considering the youth of the nation, in the arts. We are, I think, bound to acknowledge that they have succeeded. And if they have succeeded, it is vain for us to say that a system is wrong which has, at any rate, admitted of such success. That which was wanted from some form of government, has been obtained with much more than average excellence; and therefore the form adopted has approved itself as good. You may explain to a farmer's wife with indisputable logic, that her churn is a bad churn; but as long as she turns out butter in greater quantity, in better quality, and with more profit than her neighbors, you will hardly induce her to change it. It may be that with some other churn she might have done even better; but, under such circumstances, she will have a right to think well of the churn she uses."

The readers of this volume, generally, however, will find less interest in the political dissertations of Mr. Trollope—which it must be confessed are spun out to a tedious length, and often fall into an insipid language through their extreme diffuseness—than in his plain spoken and spicy strictures on the offensive features of American life, which would appear to be but little softened down since they indicated such annoyance on his sensitive and venerable ancestor. Mr. Trollope labors under the usual English inability of easily adapting himself to novel circumstances. He is utterly ignorant of the necessary art of making the best of outward inconveniences. He was always at a loss how to make himself at home in a strange place. Nor does he vainly try to disguise his embarrassment. He appears like a man of fastidious senses, but not of over-refined tastes. He never attempts to keep his annoyances to himself, but blurs out his dislikes and discomforts, about which an old stage of a less impetuous temperament, or more practical *savoir faire* would preserve a discreet silence. This trait of character gives a piquancy, sometimes indeed a little virulence, to Mr. Trollope's criticisms—his extravagances become amusing, though they do not tickle our national self-love—he holds up the mirror

to our faults with infinite gloze,—and as the comments of a bluff, jolly, frank-speaking, and somewhat obtuse Englishman, we are disposed to receive his censures with a laugh, rather than to fly into a passion at their candor.

With regard to the City of New-York, Mr. Trollope has two faults to find. In the first place, there is nothing to see; and in the second place, there is no mode of getting about to see anything. Still, it is a most interesting city—infinitely more American than Boston, Chicago, or Washington. Free institutions, general education, and the ascendancy of dollars are the words written on every paving stone along Fifth avenue, down Broadway, and up Wall street. Every man can vote, and every man values the privilege. Every man can read, and every man uses the privilege. Every man worships the dollar, and every man is down before his shrine from morning to night. According to a prevailing prejudice, this will be set down as a fault of the New-Yorkers. Money-making is deemed a wicked and low-lived pursuit. Dives is always sent to the devil, while Lazarus is laid up in heavenly lavender. But Mr. Trollope is not of this way of thinking. He does not believe that Dives is so black as he is painted. The progress of the Americans has been caused by their aptitude for money-making, and their continued kneeling at the shrine of the coined goddess has carried them across from New-York to San Francisco. But the New Yorker is too intense in this worship. No Englishman can put up with the savor of dollars that pervades the atmosphere. The frankness from the temple of Mammon is ever in one's nostrils. Mr. Trollope never walked down Fifth avenue alone without thinking of money; never walked there with a companion without talking of it. Not that the New-Yorker is a lagger-mugger with his money. He does not hide up his dollars in old stockings, and keep rolls of gold in hidden pots. He builds houses, speculates largely, spreads himself in trade to the extent of his wings, and not seldom somewhat further. But the dollar-worshipping idolatry is so prevalent that it cannot but make New-York disagreeable to the stranger who has no vocation for stocks and percentages. Such a man feels himself to be in the wrong place, and is anxious to get out of it.

Nor did Mr. Trollope ever become reconciled to the intensely American physiognomy which is seen in the streets of New-York. According to the portraits which he draws in his most astounding books, the true New-Yorker may be known by his lantern jaws, his thin and lithe body, his dry face, on which there has been no tint of the rose since babyhood, his harsh, thick hair, intelligent eyes, and sharp voice with the nasal twang. This is the type which was once supposed to be peculiar to New-England, but which is now more common in New-York than in any other portion of the United States. In Wall street, in front of the Astor House, and in the vicinity of Trinity Church, it may be found in the fullest perfection. How to account for this, with such a union of the bloods of Ireland, Holland, France, Sweden, and Germany, with the old English stock at first thought, is a puzzle to our philosopher. But a little reflection enables him to solve the difficulty. He traces the malign influence to the worship of the dollar, and the use of hot air pipes. The former gives to the American countenance its peculiar expression; the latter pines in the bud all the rosy cheeks in America. This might be borne if the effect was visible only in the parchment visages about Wall street; but the young ladies of the Fifth Avenue are in the same predicament. The very pith and marrow of life is baked out of their young bones by the hot air chambers to which they are accustomed. Hot air is the fell destroyer of republican beauty in the United States.

Another intolerable grievance to the stranger in New-York is the absence of cabs. Their place is supplied by the omnibus and horse-car. The custom of the omnibus was a sore affliction to our testy friend. He could never understand them, though he became as familiar with every spring and wheel in the machinery of our Government as with the alphabet. He was always at a loss for want of a conductor. It was long before he learned that the fare was to be paid on entrance "through a little hole behind the driver's back." He could never accomplish this ceremony without stumbling; and to make bad worse, two or three ladies would often hand him some coins, which he scarcely knew by sight, and instead of passing them to their destiny, he would usually drop them in the straw. Bells were often rung at him which filled him with a strange dread. He knew that he was not behaving like a good citizen, but could not compass the exact points of his offense. When he wished to alight, the manner of exit was a perplexity. The door was strapped up tight, and his impatient halloo through the little hole at the driver was in vain. At last, he is amazed to learn that he could accomplish the object by simply pulling a strap.

The matter was not mended by using the horse-cars. He found them abounding in perils of their own. They were always full—that is, every seat was crowded, a double row of men and women stood down the center, the driver's platform in front was full, and also the conductor's platform behind. Our traveler soon gave up the idea of keeping a seat, and at last learned to find a snug refuge on the outside rail in the rear, with the conductor usually in his lap. As to the inside of these vehicles, the women of New-York were too much for him. He was compelled to surrender at discretion. No sooner had he encountered himself in a comfortable seat, than he would be called upon to leave it, by a mute, unexpressed, but still impressive stare into his face. He was always prompted to obey by cowardice, if not by gallantry; and to avoid the discomfort and wrath of the situation, he preferred to nurse the conductor on the iron bar behind.

Indeed, for so mild and well-mannered a gentleman, he conceives an antipathy almost ferocious, to the women with whom he came in collision, in these luckless conveyances. He sets them down as more odious in their behavior than any human beings that he ever met with elsewhere. They called forth the same sort of feeling which is produced by the close vicinity of some unclean animal. The women of this stamp, as she enters the car, drags after her a misshapen, dirty mass of battered wirework, which she calls her crinoline, and which adds as much to her grace and comfort

as a log of wood does to a donkey when tied to the animal's leg in a paddock. Of this she takes so much heed, as to strike it about against men's legs, and leave it with violence over people's knees, without managing to convey it up the carriage with some decency. "The touch of a real woman's dress," says Mr. Trollope, with admirable naïveté, "is in itself delicate; but these blows from a lady's fias are loathsome." You will meet these women, we are informed, daily, hourly, everywhere in the streets. Now and then you will find them in society, making themselves even more odious there than elsewhere.

Mr. Trollope respectfully declines to give the Fifth Avenue his unqualified admiration. He thinks it is certainly a very fine street. The houses in it are magnificent, with an air of comfortable luxury and commercial wealth, though without the aristocratic look of many of the detached London residences, or the palatial appearance of an old-fashioned hotel in Paris. The churches on each side of Fifth Avenue add much to the beauty of the street. But all the splendor of the place makes no impression but that of the pride of wealth. No great man, no celebrated statesman, no philanthropist of peculiar note, as far as known to the author, ever lived in Fifth Avenue. The gentleman on the right made a million of dollars by inventing a shirt-collar; the one on the left electrified the world by a *l'effort*; as to the gentleman at the corner, there are rumors about him and the Cuban slave-trade; but they have not yet been proved to be true. Mr. Trollope pensively confesses that if he could make a million of dollars by an eye-wash or a hair-dye, he would be entitled to a place among the denizens of Fifth Avenue.

The descriptions of Western life in which Mr. Trollope luxuriates, appear to be experimental studies in the exercise of his function as a writer of romance. They are painted in the darkest colors. His experience of the people of the West was a bitter disappointment. He found the men gloomy and silent, almost sullen. A dozen of them will sit for hours round a stove speechless. They chew tobacco and ruminate. They are not offended if you speak to them, but they are not pleased. They answer with monosyllables, or perhaps with only a gesture of the head. They are essentially a dirty people. Indifference to appearances is a matter of pride. A foul shirt is a flag of triumph. A craving for soap and water is as the wall of the weak and the confession of cowardice. No men love money with a more eager love; but they bear the loss of it as an Indian bears his torture at the stake. They are energetic in trade, fond of deep speculation; but they are slow in motion, loving to "loaf about." They drink, but are seldom drunk to the eye. They begin early in the morning, and take it in a solemn, sullen, and manner, standing always at a bar; swallowing their spirits and saying nothing as they swallow it. The women are intelligent, like all native American women, but to the fancy of Mr. Trollope, are anything but lovely or lovable. They are as sharp as nails, and also as hard. They doubtless know all that they ought to know, but they know so much more than they ought to know. They have faith in the destiny of their country, if in nothing else; but they believe that that destiny is to be worked out by the spirit and talent of the young women.

In Boston, where Mr. Trollope landed on his arrival in the United States, he appears to have been received with friendly attentions by many respectable persons, and to have enjoyed a greater intimacy with the refined classes of society than was his usual fortune in his American peregrinations. Everything in the capital of New-England, accordingly, is painted in the rosiest colors. He knows no place at which an Englishman may drop down suddenly among a pleasanter circle of acquaintance, or find himself with a more clever set of men. Boston has a right to be proud of what it has done for letters; it is proud; but its pride is not carried too far. Every man, woman, and child in that city shows the softening influence of education. Although an old Puritan settlement, in which the strictest Roundhead sentiments and laws used to prevail, now-day's ginger is hot in the mouth there, and in spite of the war there were cakes and ale. It is not the thing in Boston to smoke in the streets during the day; but the wisest, the gentlest, the most holy, seldom refuse a cigar in the dining-room as soon as the ladies have gone. The Maine liquor law is still the law of the land, but it has fallen very much out of use. At any rate, it had not reached the houses of the gentlemen with whom Mr. Trollope had the pleasure of making acquaintance. Still, he saw but one drunken man through all New-England; and he was very respectable. He was, however, so uncommonly drunk, that he might be allowed to count for two or three. The Puritans of Boston are, of course, simple in their habits and simple in their expenses. Champagne and canvas-back ducks are the provisions most in vogue among those who desire to adhere closely to the manners of their forefathers. The Yankee Puritan may be an uncommonly pleasant fellow, but Mr. Trollope could not get over the bore of a half-past two o'clock dinner.

Our traveler cherished a becoming curiosity with regard to the celebrated Americans whose names were familiar to him at home, and he records his impression of their personalities with an amusing, almost infantile, explicitness. Soon after his arrival in Boston, he heard a lecture from Mr. R. W. Emerson on the subject of the war. This gentleman, he informs us, "is regarded in England as transcendental, and perhaps even as mystic in his philosophy." But on further acquaintance, he was found not to be without a spice of common sense. "In conversation he is very clear, and by no means above the small practical things of the world." Indeed, Mr. Trollope ventures to fancy that "he would know as well what interest he ought to receive for his money as though he were no philosopher, and if he held land would make his hay while the sun shone, as might any common farmer."

Mr. Trollope also listened to a lecture by Mr. Edward Everett, with whose marvelous power of delivery and brilliant elocution, he had long been acquainted. With the matter and spirit of his discourse, he was not agreeably impressed; but he formed a high opinion of his oratory as regards manner, tone, and choice of words. "His skill in his work is perfect. He never falls back upon a word. He never repeats himself. His voice is always perfectly under command. As for hesitation or timidity, the days for those failings have

long passed by with him. When he makes a point, he makes it well, and drives it home to the intelligence of every one before him." As a politician, Mr. Trollope vouchsafes to remark, "he cannot give him a high rank."

Of the great men in Washington, Mr. Trollope descends at greatest length on the Secretary of State. His comments on Mr. Seward are marked by irreverence and asperity. He ascribes to that statesman the ambition of being considered as the man of the day—the hero who is to bring the country through all its difficulties. "In his dispatches he ever talks of We or I. Mr. Lincoln may be King, but Mr. Seward is Mayor of the Palace and carries the King in his pocket. From the depths of his own wisdom, he undertakes to teach his ministers in all parts of the world, not only their duties, but their proper aspiration. He is equally kind to foreign statesmen, and sends to them messages as though from an altitude which no European politician had ever reached." "Hitherto there has been no Prime Minister in the Government of the United States. Mr. Seward has attempted a revolution in that matter, and has essayed to fill the situation. For a while it almost seemed that he was successful. He interposed with the army, and his interferences were endured. He took upon himself the business of the police, and arrested men at his own will and pleasure. The habeas corpus was in his hand, and his name was current through the States as a covering authority for every outrage on the old laws. Sufficient craft, or perhaps cleverness, he possessed to organize a position which should give him a power greater than the power of the President; but he had not the genius which would enable him to hold it. He made foolish prophecies about the war, and talked of the triumphs which he would win. He wrote state papers on matters which he did not understand, and gave himself the airs of diplomatic learning while he showed himself to be sadly ignorant of the very rudiments of diplomacy. He tried to joke as Lord Palmerston jokes, and nobody liked his joking. He was greedy after the little appanages of power, taking from others who loved them as well as he did, privileges with which he might have dispensed. And then, lastly, he was successful in nothing. He had given himself out as the commander of the Commander-in-Chief; but then under his command nothing got itself done. For a month or two some men had really believed in Mr. Seward. The polemic of the country had come to have an absolute trust in him, and the underlings of the public offices were beginning to think that he might be a great man. But then, as is ever the case with such men, there came suddenly a downfall. Mr. Cameron went from the cabinet, and everybody knew that Mr. Seward would be no longer commander of the Commander-in-Chief. His prime ministry was gone from him, and he sank down into the comparatively humble position of Minister for Foreign Affairs. His letters de cachet no longer ran. His passport system was repealed. His prisoners were released. And though it is too much to say that witless halcyon corpus were no longer suspended, the effect and very meaning of the suspension was at once altered. When I first left Washington Mr. Seward was the only minister of the cabinet whose name was ever mentioned with reverence to any great political measure. When I returned to Washington Mr. Stanton was Mr. Lincoln's leading minister, and, as Secretary of War, had practically the management of the army and of the internal police."

Of the value of Mr. Trollope's political characterizations, our readers must judge for themselves, and if they are not always convinced of the accuracy of his portraits, they will not discard the lively, John Bull frankness with which they are set forth. We do not, however, attach any considerable importance to the expression of his opinions. He traveled rapidly through a portion of the country, ceased in a strong swathing of English habits and prejudices. His perceptions are not remarkably clear, the faculty of reflection is almost entirely wanting, and he has not a particle of imagination. His downright, liberal, and often jolly, tone of character enabled him to see the outside of things to advantage; a certain freedom of mind preserved him from intentional misrepresentation; and he is less tainted by the repulsive and indecent self-conceit which seems to be the birth-right of so large a class of his countrymen than many previous travelers; but his work can take no permanent place in literature, and will soon pass away with the shoal, of ephemeral productions, which amuse for the moment, and then perish forever.

BROWNSON'S QUARTERLY REVIEW.

July. D. & J. Baker & Co.

Two articles in this number are devoted to the discussion of the political state of the country, under the titles "What the Rebellion Teaches" and "Confederation and Emancipation." In the first named paper, Dr. Brownson maintains that the United States holds substantially the relation to the several States held by the British Crown to the Anglo-American colonies. The rights of the several States are the rights of these colonies, and are held by them as American States and American citizens, not as original, independent, and sovereign States. Hence, as long as they observe the conditions of their tenure, they are sacred and inviolable, independent within their sphere of the National Government, and of one another. But if they break these conditions, and cease to be American States, and their people to be citizens of the United States, they forfeit their liberties, and the United States as sovereign has the right to revoke their charters, or amend their State Constitutions, and enter upon their possession as upon any other forfeited estate. The State thus lapses by its own act, and the sovereign only resumes what is its own. The right of a State to resist the Federal Government, in case of oppression or tyranny, is precisely the right of individuals to do so. So long as the Federal Government keeps within its constitutional powers, it governs by divine right, and no State or individual has the right to resist it. If grievances are felt, they must be redressed by peaceful means. No armed resistance is lawful. The Southern Seceders are to be condemned for having resisted the Federal Government in the exercise of its legitimate powers. They have never had a shadow of excuse for their rebellion. If the Southern chivalry were tired of their Union with Northern millions, they were free to seek a separation by peaceful and constitutional means, but not by rebellion and civil war.

In the article on "Confederation and Emancipation," Dr. Brownson argues at length in favor of a stringent confederation act, and of full and immediate emancipation at least of all the slaves claimed by the Rebels. But these measures are warranted on the ground, not that the Rebels are simply criminal citizens, but that they are enemies in a state

of war. Dr. Brownson presents substantially the same views on the subject as those indicated by Mr. Sumner, whom he characterizes as "not merely the warm-hearted philanthropist, the indefatigable advocate of negro emancipation, but also an able and profound constitutional lawyer—as scrupulously attached to the Constitution as he is ardent and unreserved in his devotion to liberty."

With regard to the expediency of emancipation, Dr. Brownson expresses himself with his usual directness and force. "Some may let it alone, why bring constantly the 'eternal wigger' upon the table? Do leave Slavery to take care of itself. But in answer to these we add the Government has power over the question; in a few months it may have none. The life and death of the Republic are suspended in the balance, and the solution we give and give now to the Slavery Question may turn the scale, and save the life or seal the doom of the nation. It is not a question, therefore, to be postponed. The 'eternal wigger,' as you express it, will not down at the bidding, any more than would Banquo's Ghost. We cannot silence the Slave question, or stop its agitation. We were to do it with the Compromise measures of 1850, and, after that, with a Kansas-Nebraska Territorial bill, and we have up the result the present civil war. There is a moral law in the universe stronger than legislative enactments, against which neither the devices of our politicians nor the strategy of our Generals can avail—neither armed hosts, nor newly invented artillery. They war in vain two war against it. No despot, even though backed by a million of bayonets and ten thousand guns of the heaviest caliber and the most cunningly devised projectiles, can prevail against the laws of God, or against the moral convictions of mankind. You may as well attempt to silence the ceaseless agitation of the waves, to stop the ebb and flow of the ocean tides, or arrest the course of the windless winds, as to stop in the American people the agitation of the Slavery Question, so long as there is a single negro slave left in the land. It is not the wild or silly fanaticism of your Abolition men or Abolition women, your Garrison, your Phillips, your Fosters, your Pillsbury, your Kaily, your Weston, or your Chapman that convulses the nation, for these are powerless save in the idea they represent; it is God, the moral laws of the universe, the awakening power of justice, the very logic of your own Republic, that keeps up the agitation. You might as well point your artillery against the red lightnings of heaven, as against the spirit that moves and agitates the country on the Slavery Question. Silence, in any way you please the voice of those yeoman Abolition families, and you have done nothing to suppress agitation. Were there to hold their peace, the very stones would cry out. The spirit would pervade your camps, seize upon your soldiers, and turn the heads of your sedate Generals. It can no more be confined or restrained than one of the elemental forces of nature. The time for it in God's Providence has come, and you have no alternative but to accept and obey it as freemen, as men who believe in God, who derive from him the courage to do justice, to lighten the load of the oppressed, and to let the Lord go free."

Dr. Brownson attaches little importance to the objections which are alleged to such stringent remedies for the disease which rages in the body politic. One of them he summarily disposes of. "But emancipation will terribly irritate the Rebels, and render their future reconciliation impossible. Nonsense. They are already as irritated as they can be. You cannot increase their hatred or malignity. Human nature will bear no more than they already bear, even with the assistance of Satan to boot. As for the Union men in the seceding States, save in a few localities, they do not exist. Our armies have not found them, and wherever they gain hold, meet only barefaced, effeminate, or insane. Even the wounded Rebel prisoners in our hospitals, though unable to deny the care and tenderness with which they are treated, cannot conceal and do not attempt to conceal their bitter hatred of 'Yankees.' There need be no fear of irritating the Rebels, and the only way possible of concluding them is to treat them as they treat their own negroes when spiteful or sulky, that is, to flog them, and flog them soundly. They will then begin to respect us, and finally come to love and honor us. The men of the Southern people are not like us here at the North. We are addicted to morose worship, no doubt, but we do at least recognize a moral power, and confess that we ought to worship God. The Southern people as a body worship only Force, and to gain their love and respect, you must prove that you are the better man, that you can whip them. Leniency, forbearance, conciliation are thrown away upon them, for they take them as evidence of weakness, of a craven or an overbearing spirit. The Government has from the first mistaken their character. It has been too lenient, too conciliatory, and in endeavoring to conduct the war on humane principles, has been guilty of great infamy. Nothing would so much command the respect of the Rebels, and so dispose them to live hereafter in peace and friendship with us under one and the same Government, as the immediate emancipation of the slaves. They know our principles require us to do it, and they despise us for not having the courage to act up to our principles. The measure would be a bold and manly one; it would strike them in their tenderest point, and they would think all the better of us for daring to adopt it."

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

July.

Readers who dabble in medical books usually fancy themselves the subjects of every disease that "feels its heart." The dyspeptic the nervous patient, and other professed valentudinarians only make bad worse by poring over the record of cases in which they say out some resemblance to their own. This above named journal, however, does not cater to a sickly imagination, but is remarkable for the healthy tone in which it discusses the laws of health. It is not a publication for the invalid, so much as for those who are well, and wish to keep well. The rules which it lays down for the preservation of health are usually marked by strong common sense, more than any other quality, and are always expressed in terse and spicy language. The following passage perhaps extols the virtues of cayenne pepper somewhat too pungently, but gives a fair specimen of the Doctor's way of talking about every-day matters:

SOLDIERS REMEMBERED.

If you write to a soldier, friend, or relative in the army, using a common envelope and a sheet of foolscap paper, you may also add, without exceeding the weight for which a three-cent postage-stamp will pay, as much tea as a teaspoon will take up twice, or as much black or cayenne pepper, such as is obtained from a good drug-store under the name of "Cayenne," as you can take up at once with a common teaspoon, and the smaller envelope of this paper to hold either. Chewing the tea, a pinch at a time, every hour or half hour, will keep your stomach under circumstances of great heat, or of excessive weariness or sleepiness, will enliven, will modify thirst, will invigorate, or will wake up to a grateful extent, counteracting the amount of tea used, and its perfect safety from inferior results, such as follows the use of alcoholic drinks. But a heaping teaspoonful of genuine "Cayenne" is worth ten-fold its weight of tea leaves, especially in summer, in any way for the sake of a pinch of cayenne, which will save a man's life that quarter of a pinch being put in a sleepy soldier's eye. If it don't wake him up, and everybody else within an Indian yell's distance, then it is not a prime article of cayenne. A single pinch in a glass of flat or warmish water will modify these qualities, and besides satisfying thirst, will invigorate and electrically prevent that uncomfortable sensation arising from having drunk largely of water. A good pinch, eaten at each meal, or whenever a cup of coffee or tea or water is swallowed, will always invigorate digestion, aid to prevent acidity, and besides, a good pinch of cayenne, which are the great sources of all armies. A level teaspoon of cayenne daily, taken in eating or drinking, or both, or if taken a pinch at a time during the day or night, would not more real good, and that without any ill result, than ten times the cost in rum and quinine, as a preventive against chills and fever. Liquor and quinine make the soldier indolent and temperate habits; they will wake up a lot, a craving, a dexterity to strong drink, which pepper and water will never do. The latter invigorates like food, the former merely excites, then leaves a wakeful man before. A pinch of cayenne, which is simply pure cayenne pepper, will do a great deal more toward warning up a soldier, toward invigorating him, toward keeping him alert, than an equal weight of grog ever swallowed. Cayenne goes further, and is more efficient for all purposes, than black pepper; if by express or privately, send half a pound at a time, in a tin box. If you have nothing else to send in your letter, send a few pins, or a needle and some thread. Many have seen the time when a string or a pin would have been worth ten times its ordinary value. Write often to the soldier. Write long letters. Give all the news you can think of. Let every line be full of kind, affectionate interest and encouragement. Be sure to include a generous magnanimity toward those who oppose, so as to have as few obstacles as possible to a cordial coming together again, when that good time comes, as it certainly will, before long.

NEW UNIVERSITY ALGEBRA. By HORACE N. ROBINSON, LL.D., of the University of California, &c. The present treatise is founded on the well-known standard Algebra of the author, who has aimed at preserving all the valuable features of the original work, while he has arranged the matter in a more attractive form, and made large additions to the contents of the volume. He has attempted to combine the highest theoretical character, with the best practical methods, clearly setting forth the fundamental principles, and the logical relations of the science, and at the same time, giving due prominence to the numerous expedients and ingenious fancies that are essential to the neatness and elegance of algebraic operations. The collection of examples and problems for practice is extensive, and admirably suited to facilitate the progress of the learner. The quantity is diminished, however, by some instances of typographical inaccuracy, as p. 97, in the third problem 279 is printed instead of 290.

HEALTH: ITS FRIENDS AND ITS FOES.

By R. D. MUSEY, M.D., LL.D., 12mo pp. 325. Gould & Lincoln, New York; Sheldon & Co.

An able veteran medical practitioner and physiologist here presents the results of the experience and observation of many years devoted to the subject of hygiene. He takes strong ground against the use of tobacco and alcohol in any shape, and expresses a decided preference for an exclusive vegetable diet as a condition of health. In his hands, the various topics of the work assume a popular form,—they are treated without dogmatism or pedantry,—and the principles laid down are illustrated by reference to personal cases. Without vouching for the correctness of Dr. Mussey's views, in every particular, we regard his book as full of valuable suggestions, and believe that few can read it without profit.

THE MARKET BOOK.

CONTAINING A HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF THE PUBLIC MARKETS IN THE CITY OF NEW-YORK. BY THOMAS J. DE VON. VOL. I. 8vo. pp. 611.

The leisure hours of the author during the intervals of business as a practical market-man in Jefferson Market have been devoted to the preparation of this work. He has sought his materials in the collections of the New-York Historical Society, and numerous other authentic sources, and with the genuine enthusiasm of the antiquary, has spared neither time nor labor in the prosecution of his researches. The volume abounds in curious details of the olden time, and places the manners and customs of the early settlers of Manhattan in a clear and interesting light, besides giving a complete historical view of the specific subject to which it is devoted.

THE ALTAR AT HOME.

Second Series. 12mo. pp. 336. Walker, Wile & Co.

In this volume of devotional services, intended for domestic worship, the contents are arranged in a threefold division, comprising passages of sacred poetry to be read by the head of the family, or sung, if practicable, by the members; selections from the Bible, and other devout writings; and prayers, composed by a number of eminent living clergymen. The work is free from a sectarian character, and has evidently been prepared with scrupulous diligence and excellent taste.

A SINGULAR FACT.

An officer in Selgwick's Division of M. C. C. H. in a private letter to the following interesting incident: "Did I not know the following facts I could hardly believe the story. When this division was at Poleville, Leeburg, on the opposite side of the river, was occupied by the 17th, 18th, 19th, and 21st Mississippi regiments. In January last, the commandant of our camp two companies of the 17th, 18th, 19th, and 21st Mississippi regiments, and even the river on them. They were both very intelligent negroes, and were servants of two officers in one of the above-named regiments. One of these men was taken by Col. D. and the other by Major K. of the Massachusetts regiment, as servants. Col. D. has since been promoted, and took his servant with him. On the Monday after the fight, Col. D. a servant of Major K. in passing through the woods where the battle three weeks ago had waged the fiercest, and where there were many bodies unburied, he came upon the dead body of his former master. He immediately came to camp, got his brother, and they started back with a shudder to bury the dead. Thinking another corpse they took they came upon another dead body, that of the master of the brother. Both bodies were buried by the contractors, and they placed a board at the head of each grave. Verily, there are many facts stranger than fiction." (Providence Journal.)

THE MILITARY GOVERNOR OF NEW-ORLEANS.

James Robb, recently appointed Military Governor of New-Orleans, was formerly a resident of this section. In early life he resided here at Morgantown. At the latter place he was Chamberlain of the Bank. He married a cousin of Mrs. Swearingen. The field was, however, too small for his genius and capacity, and he moved to New-Orleans some thirty years ago. There he embarked on the vast sea of commercial speculation as a private broker, and so admirably managed his business that he became the financial and social arbiter of several of the crowned heads and other chancellors he obtained control of some twenty millions of dollars, and enjoyed great success until about ten years ago, when he became seriously involved and retired from business. He had previously acquired a handsome competence upon his wife's fortune, and he has lived comfortably in retirement until the present time. He has been a staunch Union man throughout all the National troubles, was very much respected everywhere, and is undoubtedly as wise a selection as could have been made. (Wheeling Press.)

EXPORT OF BUTTER.

A Broad street merchant writes us, for the information of farmers and others interested in the production and sale of butter, as follows: "The exportation of Butter is now immense. On the City of Washington, which left for Liverpool this morning, there was on board 8,300 firkins of butter; and in the Adel, of to-day's steamer for California, there was 2,150 firkins of butter—making 10,450 in one week. There frame net 100 lbs. each."

OHIO PAYS HER DIRECT NATIONAL TAX.

The Treasurer of the State of Ohio deposited with E. T. Carson, U. S. Depository in Cincinnati, on Friday last, \$300,000, the amount of the National direct tax assessed on Ohio.

A monument is to be erected in Goshen, Orange Co., N. Y., over the bones of the heroes who fell in the battle of Miniskink. The grand celebration will take place on the 22d of July.